Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 2. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1834. NUMBER 17

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

GEORGE W. MILLETT.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.—Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms; the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any Advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid.*

POETRY.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

THE DEATH-BED.

Expect not in mine eye a tear,
Nor wonder that no more I weep!
The storm hath spent its passion here,
That tore my bosom's inmost deep,
And now hath raged itself to sleep.

They tell me that my mind is calm,
And praise me for its strife subdued;
They bid me bless religion's balm,
When healings have such peace imbued:
They call my silence—Fortitude.

Once I could weep, like you, and feel
The flowing coolness of a tear:
But anguish came with burning zeal,
And closed that natural fountain, ere
I stood beside *my* MARY'S bier.

I watched around her dying bed:—
Days, weeks, months—like a dream—went on:
No health the star of evening shed,
No hope illumed the wing of dawn,
Till health, and hope, and life, were gone.

And through those heavy hours she kept
On me her pale and altered eye:
Then, had I paused, or sighed, or wept—
She would have smiled, and told me why;
And calmly turned around—to die.

She bade me kneel beside her bed,
And pray in accents loud and clear:
But, as the holy page I read,
My loudest voice she could not hear:
Yet dared I not betray a tear.

Such was my prisoned anguish, when
Nor time, nor place I had to weep:
But, when she sank in slumber, then
I cast aside *my* stranger sleep,
The vigil of *my* tears to keep.

Amid the dark and lonely night,
They in their bitter freedom flowed,
Till seemed in my seared eyes a light,
As if it sparkled, flashed, and glowed:—
It was my misery's burning load.

How smarted then the matin beam,
Upon my tortured vision flung;
As from mine eyes I stayed the stream,
And o'er the couch awakening hung
Of her—my beautiful—my young!

Three nights on that dread couch she lay;
Sight, sense, and feeling—all—were fled:
I called—with cries I bade her stay
That might have pierced the grave's deep bed,
And startled up its slumbering dead.

Then, when she could not see, nor hear—
'Then poured my grief its gushing tide,
Nor hope was with me, then, nor fears:
I knew that she must die—SHE DIED!
And then the burning stream was dried.

I thought those tears were torture: now
They would be bliss:—the last I shed
When on the death-damp of her brow,
I saw her on her funeral bed,
And moisture from mine eyes had fled.

Her first-born to the grave I led;
His orphan eyes in tears were drowned:
I saw them fall—but none I shed;
While friends and strangers stood around,
And wept upon the new-dug ground.

* * * * * * * *

Subdued, not softened, is my mind:
The spirit broke, which could not bend,
And still resentful, not resigned,

I mingle with the world—I laugh—
I join the free and festive throng—
Of pleasure's cup I deeply quaff—
And bear my cold dead heart among
The scenes which do her memory wrong.

Then seek not in mine eye a tear,
Nor wonder that no more I weep!
The storm hath spent its passion here,
That tore my bosom's inmost deep,
And now hath raged itself to sleep. E. L. L. S.

The Newark Daily Advertiser relates the following incident in exemplification of the sagacity of the Elephant Romeo, attached to the menageire lately in that town. It appears while entering the exhibition in company with his keeper, and mate, Juliet, he spied a former attendant against whom he entertained an old grudge, and immediately made for him. The man perceiving his movements, leaped the fence and escaped through the wood shed of an adjoining house—the elephant following, tearing down the fence and wood house in his course, without, however finding the man.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

The following is chapter IX, of Bulwer's new novel, extracted in advance of the publication of the work in this country. The Harpers will lay it upon the bookseller's counters in a few days—and as it is said to be inferior to none of the previous productions of its author, it will be sought for with avidity. It will combine information with amusement, affording more instructions upon the customs of ancient Pompeii, than a library of musty delails of Antiquity.—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Arbaces had tarried only till the cessation of the tempest allowed him, under cover of night, to seek the Saga of Vesuvius. Borne by those of his trustier slaves in whom in all more secret expeditions he was accustomed to confide, he lay extended along his litter, and resigning his sanguine heart to the contemplation of vengeance gratified and love possessed. The slaves in so short a journey moved very little slower than the ordinary pace of mules; and Arbaces soon arrived at the commencement of a narrow path, which the lovers had not been fortunate enough to discover; but which, skirting the thick vines, led at once to the habitation of the witch. Here he arrested the litter; and bidding the slaves conceal themselves and the vehicle among the vines, from the observation of any chance passenger, he mounted alone, with steps still feeble but supported by a long staff, the drear and sharp ascent.

Not a drop of rain fell from the tranquil heaven; but the moisture dripped mournfully from the laden boughs of the vine, and now and then collected in tiny pools in the crevices and hollows of the rocky way.

'Strange passions these for a philosopher,' thought Arbaces, 'that lead one like me just now from the bed of death, and lapped even in health amid the roses of luxury, across such nocturnal paths as this—but Passion and Vengeance treading to their goal can make an Elysium of Tartarus.' High, clear, and melancholy shone the moon above the road of that wayfarer, glassing herself in every pool that lay before him, and sleeping in shadow along the sloping mount. He saw before him the same light that had guided the steps of his intended victims, but no longer contrasted by the blackened clouds, it shone less redly clear.

He paused, at length as he approached the mouth of the cavern, to recover breath, and then with his wonted collected and stately mein, he crossed the unhallowed threshold.

The fox sprang up at the ingress of this new comer, and by a long howl announced another visitor to his mistress.

The witch had resumed her seat, and her aspect of grave-like and grim repose. By her feet, upon a bed of dry weeds which half covered it, lay the wounded snake; but the quick eye of the Egyptian caught its scales glittering in the reflected light of the opposite fire, as it writhed—now contracting, lengthening its folds, in pain and unsated anger.

'Down, slave!' said the witch as before, to the fox; and as before, the animal dropped to the ground—mute, but vigilant.

'Rise, servant of Nox and Erebus,' said Arbaces, commandingly,' 'a superior in thine art salutes thee! rise and welcome him.'

At these words the hag turned her gaze upon the Egyptian's towering form and dark features. She looked long and fixedly upon him, as he stood before her in his oriental robe, and folded arms, and steadfast and haughty brow; 'Who art thou?' she said at last, 'that calls himself greater in art than the Saga of the Burning Fields, and the daughter of the perished Etrurian race?'

'I am he,' answered Arbaces, 'from whom all cultivators of magic, from north to south, from east to west, from the Ganges and the Nile to the vales of Thessaly and the shore of the yellow Tiber—have stooped to learn.'

'There is but one such man in these places,' answered the witch, 'whom the man of the outer world, unknowing his high attributes and more secret fame, call Arbaces the Egyptian: to us of higher nature and deeper knowledge, his rightful appellation is Hermes of the Burning Girdle.'

'Look again,' said Arbaces, 'I am he.'

As he spake he drew aside his robe and revealed a cincture seemingly of fire, that burned around his waist, clasped in the centre by a plate wherein was engraven some sign apparently vague and unintelligible, but which was evidently not unknown to the Saga. She rose hastily and threw herself at the feet of Arbaces. 'I have seen then,' said she in a voice of deep humility, the Lord of the Mighty Girdle—vouch safe my homage.'

'Rise,' said the Egyptian, 'I have need of thee.'

So saying he placed himself on that same log of wood on which lone had rested before, and motioned to the witch to resume her seat.

'Thou sayest,' said he, as she obeyed, 'that thou art a daughter of the ancient Etrurian * tribes; the mighty walls ofwhose rock built these cities yet frown above the robber race that hath seized upon their ancient reign. Partly came those tribes from Greece, partly were they exiled from more burning and primeval soil. In either case thou art of Egyptian lineage, for the Grecian masters of the aboriginal helot were among the restless sons of the Nile banished from her bosom. Equally then, oh Saga, art thou of ancesters that swore allegiance to mine own. By birth as by knowledge art thou the subject of Arbaces. Hear me then, and obey!'

The witch bowed head.

'Whatever art we possess in sorcery,' continued Arbaces, 'we are sometimes driven to natural means to attain our object. The ring and the crystal, the ashes and the herbs, do not give unerring divinations; neither do the higher mysteries of the moon yield even the possessor of the girdle a dispensation from the necessity of employing ever and anon human measures for a human object; mark me then, thou art deeply skilled, methinks, in the secrets of the more deadly herbs; thou knowest those which arrest life, which burn and scorch the soul from out her citadel, or freeze the channels of young blood into that ice which no sun can melt. Do I overrate thy skill? speak and truly!'

'Mighty Hermes, such lore is indeed mine own—Deign to look at these ghostly and corpse like features; they have waned from the hues of life, merely by watching over the rank herbs which simmer night and day in yon caldron.'

The Egyptian moved his seat from so unblest or so unhealthful a vicinity, as the witch spoke.

'It is well,' said he, 'thou hast learned that maxim of all the deeper knowledge which saith—'Despise the body to make wise the mind.' But to thy task; there cometh to thee by tomorrow's star light a vain maiden, seeking of thine art a love charm to fascinate from another the eyes that should utter but soft tales to her own; instead of thy filters, give the maiden one of thy most powerful poisons. Let the lover breathe his vows to the Shades.'

The witch trembled from head to foot.

'Oh pardon! pardon! dread master,' said she, falteringly, 'but this I dare not. The law in these cities is sharp and vigilant; they will slay me.'

'For what purpose, then, thy herbs and thy potions vain Saga?' said Arbaces, sneeringly.

The witch hid her loathsome face with her hands.

'Oh, years ago!' said she in a voice unlike her usual tones, so plaintive was it, and so soft, 'I was not the thing that I am now,—I loved, I fancied myself beloved.'

'And what connection hath thy love, witch, with my commands?' said Arbaces, impetuously.

'Patience,' resumed the witch, 'patience, I implore. I loved! another and less fair than I—yes, by Nemensis! less fair; allured me from my chosen. I was of that dark Etrurian tribe to whom most of all were known the secrets of the gloomier magic. My mother was herself a Saga, she shared the resentment of her child; from her hands I received the potion that was to restore me his love; and from her also the poison that was to destroy my rival. Oh, crush me, dread walls! my trembling hands mistook the vials, my lover fell indeed at my feet; but dead! dead! Since then, what has been left to me? I became suddenly old, I devoted myself to the sorceries of my race; still by an irresistable impulse I curse myself with an awful penace: still I seek the most noxious herbs; still I concoct the poisons; still I imagine that I am to give them to my hated rival; still I pour them into the vial; still I fancy that they shall blast her beauty to the dust; still I wake and see the quivering body, the foaming lips, the glazing eyes of my Aulus—murdered, and by me.'

The skeleton frame of the witch shook beneath strong convulsions.

Arbaces gazed upon her with curious though contemptuous eye.

'And this foul thing has yet human emotions,' thought he; 'she still covers over the ashes of the same fire that consumes Arbaces—such are we all! Mystic is the tie of those mortal passions that unite the greatest and the least.'

He did not reply till she had somewhat recovered herself—and now sat rocking herself to and fro in her seat, with glassy eyes, fixed on the opposite flame, and large tears rolling down her livid cheeks.

'A grievous tale is thine in truth,' said Arbaces; 'but these emotions are fit only for our youth—age should harden our hearts to all things but ourselves—as every year adds a scale to the shell-fish, so should each year wall in and incrust the heart. Think of these phrensies no more! And now, listen to me again! By the revenge that was dear to thee, I command thee to obey me! It is for vengeance that I seek thee! This youth whom I would sweep from my path has crossed me—despite my spells; this thing of purple and broidery—of smiles and glances—soulless and mindless—with no charm but that of beauty—accursed be it!—this insect!—this Glaucus—I tell thee, by Orcus and by Domesis, he must die!'

And working himself up at every word, the Egyptian—forgetful of his debility—of his strange companion—of every thing but his own vindictive rage, strode, with large and rapid steps, the gloomy cavern.

'Glaucus! saidst thou, mighty master?' said the witch, abruptly; and her dim eye glared at the name with all that fierce resentment at the memory of small affronts so common among the solitary and the shunned.

'Ay, so he is called: but what matter the name! Let it not be heard as that of a living man, three days from this date!'

'Hear me,' said the witch, 'breaking from a short reverie into which she was plunged after this last sentence of the Egyptian. 'Hear me, I am any thing and thy slave; spare me!—If I give to the maiden thou speakest of that which would destroy the life of Glaucus, I shall be surely detected—the dead ever find avengers. Nay, dread man! if thy visit to me be tracked—if thy hatred to Glaucus be known—thou mayst have need of thy archest magic to protect thyself!'

'Ah!' said Arbaces, stopping suddenly short—and as a proof of that blindness with which passion darkens the eyes even of the most acute—this was the first time—when the risk that he himself run by this method of vengeance had occurred to a mind ordinarily wary and circumspect.

'But,' continued the witch,' 'if instead of that which shall arrest the heart, I give that which shall sear and blast the brain—which shall make him who quaffs it unfit for the uses and career of life—an abject, raving, benighted thing—will not thy vengeance be equally sated—thy object equally attained?'

'Oh, witch! no longer the servant, but the sister—the equal of Arbaces—how much brighter is woman's wit even in vengeance than ours! how much more exquisite than death is such a doom?'

'And,' continued the hag, gloating over her fell scheme—'in this is but little danger—for by ten thousand methods, which men forbear to seek, can our victim become mad. He may have been among the vines and seen a nymph* or the vine itself may have had the same effect; in these cities is sharp and vigilant; they will slay me.' in these matters, in which the gods may be agents. And let the worst arrive—let it be known that it a love-charm—why madness is a common effect of filters—and even the fair she that gave it finds indulgence in the excuse.—Mighty Hermes, have I ministered to thee cunningly?'

'Thou shalt have twenty years longer date for this,' returned Arbaces,—'I will write a new epoch of thy fate on the face of the pale stars—thou shalt not serve in vain the master of the Flaming Belt. And here, Saga, carve thee out, by these golden tools, a warmer cell in this dreary cavern—one service to me shall countervail a thousand divinations by sieve and shears in the gaping rustics.' So saying, he cast upon the floor a heavy purse, which clinked not unmusically to the ear of the hag, who loved the consciousness of possessing the means to purchase comforts she disdained. 'Farewell!' said Arbaces, 'fail not—outwatch the stars in concocting thy beverage—thou shalt lord it over thy sisters at the walnut-tree,† when thou tellest them that thy patron and thy friend is Hermes the Egyptian. To-morrow night we meet again.'

He staid not to hear the valediction or the thanks of the witch; with a quick step he passed into the moonlight air, and hastened down the mountain.

The witch who followed his steps to the threshold, stood long at the entrance of the cavern—gazing fixedly on his receding form, and as the sad moonlight streamed upon her shadowy form and death-like face emerging from the dismal rocks—it seemed as if one gifted indeed by supernatural magic had escaped from the dreary Orcus; and the foremost of its ghostly throng stood at its black portals, vainly summoning his return, or vainly sighing to rejoin him. The hag then slowly re-entering the cave, picked groaningly up the heavy purse, took the lamp from its stand, and passing to the remotest depth of her cell—a black and abrupt passage, which was not visible, save at a near approach, closed round as it was with jutting and sharp crags, yawned before her; she went several yards along this gloomy path, which sloped gradually downwards, as if towards the bowels of the earth, and lifting a stone, deposited her treasure in a hole beneath, which as the lamp pierced its secrets, seemed already to contain coins of various value, wrung from the credulity or gratitude of her visiters.

'I love to look at you, said she apostrophising the moneys, 'for when I see you I feel that I am indeed of power. And I am to have 20 years longer to increase your store! O thou great Hermes!'

She replaced the stone, and continued her path onward for some paces, when she stopped before a deep irregular fissure in the earth.—Here as she bent—strange, rumbling, hoarse and distant sounds might be heard, while ever and anon—with a loud and grating noise which, to use a homely but faithful simile, seemed to resemble the grinding of steel upon wheels—volumes of streaming and dark smoke issued forth and rushed spirally along the cavern.

'The Shades are noiser than their wont,' said the hag, shaking her gray locks; and looking into the cavity, she beheld, far down, glimpses of a long streak of light, intensly but darkly red. 'Strange!' she said, shrinking back;—'It is only within the two last days that dull, deep light hath been visible—what can it portend?'

The fox, who had attended the steps of his fell mistress, uttered a dismal howl, and ran cowering back to the inner cave—a cold shuddering seized the hag herself at the cry of the animal, which, causeless as it seemed, the superstitions of the time considered deeply ominous, She muttered her placatory charm, and tottered back into her cavern, where, amid her herbs and incantations, she prepared to execute the orders of the Egyptian.

'He called me dotard,' said she, as the smoke curled over the hissing caldron,—"when the jaws drop—and the grinders fall—and the heart scarce beats—it is a pitiable thing to dote; but when," she added, with a savage and exulting grin—"the young and the beautiful, and the strong are suddenly smitten into idiocy—ah, *that* is terrible! Burn flame—simmer herb—swelter toad—I cursed him, and he shall be cursed!'

From the American Standard, (Natchez, Miss.)

SPEECH OF J. F. H. CLAIBORNE,

Deleware September 13, 1834, *at a public meeting of the democratic citizens of Adams County, convened in the town of Washington.*

Mr. Claiborne said, when he last had the honor of addressing the democratic citizens of the county, it was at a period of gloom and despondency. The Bank panic was in sweeping operation; the Bank orators were whining out their most doleful jeremiads; and the ha, ha, they never inquire too scrupulously into these cities is sharp and vigilant; they will ha, bullies were hectoring at every grog shop in the county. That period has passed away. The delusion has been dispelled. The schemes of the stoc-jobbers, money-changers, and trading politicians, are exposed; and the spirit of democracy is again in the ascendant. The recaperative energy of the public mind has recovered from its temporary paralysis, and is nerved with new vigor to repel the assault of that daring corporation, which is wagging a relentless war against the constituted authorities of the country. The people will oppose it with resolution greater than its own; they will return blow for blow; they will vanquish it, *not* with its own weapons a pensioned press and an army of mercenaries; but by their union, their patriotism, and their perserverance. The power and spirit to defend their liberties is the best security of the people. It is a security against despotism far stronger than all the statutes, that have accumulated in the lapse of centuries. Charters, constitutions, laws, and representative bodies, exist in vain for those weo have not the courage to defend them. Electors meet in vain, where the denunciations of a controlling power are impending over them, and where their honesty or fears may be successfully addressed. Representative assembled sit is vain, unless they have the physical power to render their deliberations free and their votes effectual. Such Mr. Chairman is the condition of Congress in respect to the Bank of the United States. Its legitimate power of inquisition into the affairs of that insitution, secured by law and demanded by public opinion, has been rejected with defiance by the Board of Directors; and the haughty corporation assumes a belligerant attitude, because the Executive deems it his duty to oppose it by constitutional means. A former President, after much hesitation, signed a bill, because he thought it should cease to exist. Both acts were equally within the scope of the constitutional powers of the President. He is a coordinate branch of the government; his sanction and his veto upon legislative enactments, are alike constitutional. Has then the Bank a right to *resist* this *unconstitutional opposition* as an *attack?* Is her position justifiable? Is she, a mere fiscal agent, existing by sufferance, the bastard of a violated constitution—to declare war against the Government, because the Executive, in the exercise of his constitutional duties, thinks proper to restain her dangerous and unwarrantable usurpations? She has done every thing to sap the foundations of his Government. She has bribed the press, and trampled down State laws and State institutions with an iron heel. She has entered the arena like an armed gladiator, to content for supremacy. She has organized parties and arrayed candidates for the presidency. There is but one limitation to a still greater oppression. The party which rule that corporation, know that if the patience of the People be two severely tried, they will put forth their strength and it will be found irresistible. There will be no more holding of large meetings; no passing of resolutions; no presenting of petitions of redress; but they will rise up and redress themselves. Where then, will be that factions Senate, whose mad ambition has disorganized the Union? What page will they occupy in history?—the Catilines of their country, the assassins of its peace. God grant the evil day may

---

*The Etrurians (it may be superfluous to mention) were celebrated for their enchantments.

*To see a nymph was to become mad, according to classic and popular superstition.

†The celebrated and immemorial rendezvous of the witches, at Benevento. The winged serpent attached to it, long an object of idolatry in those parts, was probably consecrated by Egyptian superstitions.

never come; that the People may have fortitude to endure these agitators and their incendiarism a little longer; and that, goaded on to the very brink of ruin, writhing in the gripe of the *moneyed monster*, and bleeding under its fangs, they may nevertheless remember that as patriots they should suffer and even perish to preserve the integrity of the nation. But should the fatal epoch ever arrive, and the democracy of the Union be compelled to adopt a melancholy alternative to avert the downfall of the public, I warn the proud aristocracy of the land, I warn their parasites and mercenaries, that the revolution, though bloodless, will be swept away; that aristocracy will have no foothold, and that public liberty will be secured beyond the influence of moneyed men and moneyed corporations.

Mr. Chairman: "There is no example in history of the institutions of one country being transported to another, without the most disasterous results." Why do we boast that we are without a monarch or nobles, or a hierachy or pauperism, or a standing army, rarely involved in war, steadily advancing in opulence, with an immense territory and a boundless commerce? Why boast such advantages if we are to import the *Bank of England* into the country? What do they avail, if we are to have a bank chiefly owned by foreigners capable of crushing the currency of the twenty-four States of putting up, and pulling down administrations of building up or blasting at a breath the credit of an individual, of paralyzing commerce for political purposes, and of organizing an army of pensioned editors, more dangerous to liberty than all the battalions of the holy alliance? Is this liberty or despotism? Is this the government for which our ancestors breasted the bayonets of the British King? Sir, *this is a British Bank, governed by men who have British hearts !!!* by men who advocated the alien and sedition laws; by men who opposed the war; organized the Hartford Convetion, and refused to rejoice at our victories; by men who have proposed to restrict the right of sufferage to freeholders and native born citizens; by men who have asserted that the emigrants who seek an asylum on our shores are no better qualified to vote than beasts; by men whose leader declared in a public speech, *that the laboring freeman who toiled for his daily bread, without paying a tax on property, should have no more political weight than a* SLAVE."

Sir, call them by what name you please, national republicans, or federalists, or whigs, or democrats, there are but two great parties in this country. One party arrayed in defiance of the present Bank, its abuses and usurpations; and the other party against the Bank and for the people. One party composed of separate and hostile factions, amalgamated without principles, and contending avowedly for power and dominion; and the other formed of the glorious materials of 1798, acting together for a uniform purpose, and determined to stand by Andrew Jackson and the constitution, in the same spirit with which they rallied around the immortal Jefferson in 1801. One party led on by the wealthy and would-be-great; the shadow of a mushroom nobility, dazzled by the titles and monopolies that await their anticipated government; at another, a dissolution of its bonds, and drilled to follow the *triumvirate* through blood and desolation, to accomplish its ambitious designs—the other, associated for the *rights of the States and the Union of the States*, and resolved to live or die in their opposition to every attempt to impair the sovereignty of the one or the integrity of the other. The coalition denounce the President as a tyrant, and avow their determination to scruple at no means to drive him from his post. Does any man doubt their sincerity? Does any man doubt the disposition of the Bank and its leaders to overturn or consolidate the Government? They have already brought about the public distress, the individual embarrasment, the destruction of commercial confidence, which is the first act of the drama of resolution. But the virtue of the people, and the general prosperity of the country, based substantially on agricultural capital, have withstood the shock. The stern, unblenching democracy will withstand it, and before our constitutions can be utterly annihilated; before we can be subjected to a merciless and despotic corporation, they must filter the last blood from a million of hearts. Thousand and thousands of patriot spirits will defend the consecrated banner of their country, until its stars grow dim, and even then, they will perish underdits folds, and fall with liberty, rather than live without it. Such is the spirit, sir, and such the people, our antagonists have to subdue. The lion-heart of the country. The beacon-fires of *freedom* are blazing on a thousand hills. Her trumpet-voice comes sweeping on the breeze from the mountains to the ocean, and millions on millions rise up and swear to worship her forever. The spectacle is sublime. The country can never perish while there is such a spirit to redeem it.

THE TIMES.

Notwithstanding the constant cry of "ruin," which has been echoed and re-echoed by the federal party ever since Gen Jackson has been at the head of the government, notwithstanding the leaders of the party, aided by the U. States Bank, have done every thing in their power that the prophecy of "ruin" might be fulfilled, there never was a time when the country was in a condition so prosperous. The revolutionary and the late war debts are paid off or nearly so, and the revenues of the country are filling the public treasury to overflowing: whilst business of every [illegible] unconstrain, and rapidly enriching the head of industry and enterprise.

With the farmers there never were times like these. Whilst every thing they produce readily commands the cash at greatly advanced prices, all the articles of family consumption which they buy, are purchased at greatly reduced prices. In consequence of the reduction of the duties, tea which five years ago cost 75 and 100 cents per pound, can now be purchased for 37 and 50 cents a pound, and there is a corresponding reduction in the prices of dried fruits, wines, spices, sugar, cotton cloths, and in fact of almost every article which enters into the consumption of a farmer's family.—The consequence is, that our farmers are rich and independent to a degree never before known. The independence and wealth of the farmers enables them to pay promptly for the work of the mechanic and the merchandize of the trader, and the consequence is that all classes are flourishing and prosperous. But amidst all this wide spread, universal national and individual prosperity, such ill-omened birds as Daniel Webster, continue to croak of "RUIN" and to *threaten* that "*the pressure* WILL BE RENEWED and CONTINUED *until the cause is removed*"—that is, until the public money is restored to the vaults of the United States Bank. But although the Bank may possess the *disposition*, we trust it is not in its power, aided by all the talents and eloquence of its hired attorneys in the Senate, to *renew the pressure* or produce the "ruin" they foretold, and in which they so much gloried during the last session.

[N. H. Patriot.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 9, 1834.

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

We confess that we felt a little curiosity to see how the federal papers in this State would receive the confessions of one of their own leading papers, some extracts from which we gave in our last number. That these confessions have annoyed them greviously is apparent from their writhings and contortions. The Kennebec Journal is so haunted by them that the last number contains no less than three separate editorial articles on the subject. In justice to that paper we must admit that we were surprised at the candor with which it treats the subject. Remarkable as it may be, it does not deny that there is such a paper in existence. Nay it goes further and and acknowledges that the paper in question has been *sometimes* considered a whig paper, though from its hesitating to defend and justify all the corruptions of the Bank, the Kennebec Journal thinks there rests a show of doubt upon the genuineness of its whiggism. The assertion or confession that the whig alias federal cause is a good one we are assured is worthy of all belief, but that the panic was erected for party purposes—that the Bank has corrupted the press to an extent unknown and hardly suspected—that the abuse which the opposition in and out of Congress heaped upon the President, disgusted all honorable men even of their own party, and that the leading whig papers have reduced falsehood to a system, are all of them matters which no federalists should believe, or at least confess under the pain and penalty of being convicted of honesty and therefore to be expelled from the ranks of the "whigs of '34." Though recent experience may compel them to admit that the Bank is a dead weight upon their party, yet so long as it pays well it must be supported. Currency is a delicate machine say the federalits. It is absurd for democrats to attempt to meddle with it. Its regulation should be entrusted to President Biddle and his bank directors. Admit this and we shall then be told, as we have been before, that government is a delicate machine and none but the rich and learned should be allowed to meddle with it. Such doctrines may suit a meeting of bank directors, but they wont go down with the people.

North Carolina is one of the States that the federalists have claimed as having been regenerated to modern whiggism In their list of whig triumphs, this was placed at the head. What is the fact? At the recent election of a U. S. Senator, Brown the Jackson candidate, had a majority of thirty-two over all others. The federalists bear this refutation of their falsehood and attempt at deception, with that equanimity which is the result of experience. We are now told that North Carolina has always been a Jackson State and they are not surprised. she should have elected a Jackson Senator. Did not these editors know three months ago, that it had always been a Jackson State, and that there was no doubt but what Brown would be re-elected? Undoubtedly they did, but there were then elections pending and it would not have been politic to confess the truth then.—And yet there are papers that prate about falsehood and deception.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

The Kennebec Journal says, "It is too soon for the Whigs of the country to raise the question *what individual* shall be selected for them to rally under in the coming contest. It matters little who the individual is so that he is a man of the requisite talents, an honest man and a sound statesman." Now this is all very well, and yet, because the Kentucky Gazette has expressed a determination to support the democratic candidate, even though the individual whom they prefer should not be selected, he is called all sorts of hard names by the Journal. But perhaps we shall be told that there is a qualification annexed to the declaration of the Journal, not to be found in that of the Gazette. If the democratic party intended to select as a candidate a man whose principles from those heretofore supported by them, this should be cast. [illegible] upon every time the subject is discussed, it is always understood in speaking of a democratic candidate that he must as a prerequisite possess talents and honesty. But one of the leading whigs of N. Y. having announced to his party that, they must drop all the *great* men and take an *honest* one for their candidate, all his humble followers are bound to change their tune and insist upon having an honest man for their candidate. Perhaps when their selection is made we shall have some farther evidence of their notions of honesty.

From the Philadelphia Aurora.

WHAT HAS THE BANK DONE?

Here is a catalogue of its meritorious deeds! Read, and wonder that such an institution should ask for a charter from freemen!

1. In 2819, it nearly ruined the country by the excessive overtrading it had induced through its extensive loans.

2. In 1828, it first assumed the character of "a great electioneering machine."

3. In 1831, it authorized its President to spend as much money out of its vaults as he chose, although one-seventh of its whole stock belongs to the People of the United States; to bribe presses, and issue such publications as would prejudice the People in favor of the Bank.

4. It then also began to lavish its treasures upon members of Congress.

5. In 1832, it denounced the President of the United States as a violater of the law, and assimilated him to counterfeiting felons.

6. The same year it expended thousands and tens of thousands of the People's money, in endeavors to corrupt the elective franchise.

7. The same year it violated its charter, in illegally interfering with the public debt.

9. The same year its partisans began the proscriptive policy of discharging every poor man from their employ, who would not vote for the Bank ticket.

9. The same year it ran its two attorneys for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States.

10. In 1833, it first excluded the People's Directors from all participation in the important business of the Board of Directors—called them "spies," and sought to coerce them to resign. that it might be unwatched in its works of iniquity.

11. The same year it seized the pension fund, and refused to permit the Government to pay off the claims of the hoary-headed sires of the revolution.

12. The same year it set up its claims against the People of $158,000 on the French draft, when it had rendered no service, and sustained no loss.

13. The same year it commenced its pressure and panic, to the ruin of thousands, under the vain hope of ruling the People, through fear.

14. In 1834, it turned Saul Alley, one of the People's Directors, from the Board, although bearing the commission of the Government in his hand.

15. It contemptuously refused to submit its books and papers to a committee of the People's Representatives for investigation.

16. It seized, against justice, law, and common right, $158,000 of the People's money, upon the shadow of a claim it had set up the year before.

17. It threatened to seize the remaining million that had remained in its vaults, of the People's money, and then dividends on the public stock, because the deposites had been removed from its custody.

18. It authorized its President to apply to Congress for a recharter, and places its attorneys and stockholders on the several Congressional tickets in the country, for election by the People.

19. To secure their election, it is now spending thousands and thousands of thousands of dollars, one-seventh of which is the People's money.

20. It has, from the commencement of its charter to the present time, opposed a gold and silver currency, the only currency known to the constitution; substituting in lieu therefore, paper promises to pay.

Fellow Freemen! these are facts that have been proved to the world.

From the N. H. Patriot.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Of all the means employed by the Bank aristocracy to overcome the free people of this country—of all the innovations upon the established usages of what was once deemed honorable political warfare, which the Bank faction in its desperation has introduced during the present struggle, we have seen nothing more gross or which exhibits the recklessness and desperation of that faction in a stronger light, than the conduct of *Webster Ewing and Southard* at the election in the city of New York. These individuals, Senators in Congress, and one of them an *aspirant* and a *candidate* for the Presidency, appeared in that city in the midst of the election, and with inflammatory harangues, delivered from the steps of a hotel to the assembled multitude, "*bid them onward to the rescue of the constitution and the Laws*" in other words OF THE BANK AND ARISTOCRACY. The newspapers in the service of the Bank, whilst they applaud Mr. Webster for this gross outrage upon decency, attempts to convey the impression that his appearance there was merely accidental. "*The Hon. Daniel Webster*, (says the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser) *arrived here on his way to Washington;*" He was not on his way to Washington; for on the very next Monday, he was present at the election in Boston, drumming out the federal tories *of all colours*, to vote for Abbot Lawrence, the greatest booby, who has figured as a great man since the days of the renowned Lord Timothy Dexter. If Mr. Webster *was* on his way to Washington, the failure of his incendiary harangue in the streets of N. York, to produce the desired effect, and the over whelming defeat of the Bank tories of that city, so much alarmed his fears for the fate of his own city, that he hastened back "*to the rescue*" of his friends in Boston. *But he was not on his way to Washington.* He went to New York for no other purpose than with the vain hope that his "godlike" presence would enable the Bank tories to triumph over the democracy and trample "*the constitution and the laws*" under the feet of "*Nicholas Biddle and his crew*" He went there to superintend the New York election; and he was driven back covered with mortification, defeat and disgrace. After receiving the "*shouts of applause*," "*of ten thousand*" *Bank vassals*, in the streets of New York, he flew from the scene of his disgrace and the defeat of his friends, "to the rescue" of his own Boston, where the second part of the same disgusting scene was enacted, by bringing out in the person of "*Old Poins*" political deformity itself exemplified, to receive the "shouts of applause" of a Boston mob *the same mob which burned down the convent* in the midst of the election there. What are the sober people of New England to think of such proceedings? What would the aristocracy themselves think of such conduct if practised by the democracy? How would Mr. Hill or any other democratic Senator have been treated by Boston ans had they appeared in the streets of that city, in the midst of the election, and urged the democrats "*to the rescue of the constitution and the laws?*" They would certainly have been *mobbed*, and probably tarred and feathered. What would the people of Concord, or of any other town in this State, say of any Senator of a neighboring State who should appear at our elections, and harrangue the voters? They would say it was an imminent interference if not a gross violation of their rights, and such as deserved the most marked reprobation. And yet we find those who are chained soul and body to the car of the Bank, approbating such conduct on the part of Daniel Webster, a Senator of the United States and a candidate for the Presidency; and they make it a matter of boast, that *as he passed through the crowd ten thousand freemen at once rent the air with their shouts of applause.*"

COLONEL JOHNSON.

We odserve a letter published in a late Kentucky Gazette, an epitome of a speech recently delivered by this gentleman at Cynthana, Ky. from which we extract the following, viz.

He disapproved of measures leading to consolidation and disunion.

He disapproved the attempts to stop the Mail on sunday—leave that to the consciences of men and women.

He disproved of imprisonment for debt—(the Indian caught no beaver in jail.)

He disproved of all monopolies, equality of rights and privileges he contended for.

He disapproved of the licentiousness of the press—but he much more disapproved of any legal check or restraint upon it—it might endanger the liberties of the People.

He disproved of any qualification but age and residence in a voter at the polls.

He disapproved of any property qualification in a voter—or for any office.

He disapproved of all distinctions in society except from personal merit.

He disproved of opposition to laws by violence and resistance. The ballot box was the place; better to submit to a bad law until repealed, than to use force.

He disapproved of the irresponsible tenure by which our federal judges hold their offices—the constitution should be amended.

He disapproved of the abuse of men in our country distinguished for talents, services, and patriotism, no matter of what party.

He disapproved of the principles of being governed by a minority. It is the principles of monarchy—if we cannot trust the majority, we cannot the minority.

He disapproved of long sessions of Congress and long speeches any where.

He disapproved of paying members of Congress by the day; let them work by the job. The People will see that the work is well done.

He disapproved of the power of the federal judges to declare State laws unconstitutional; it may sometimes cure an evil; but it is itself a greater evil.

He disapproved of that part of the constitution which made the senatorial term 6 years; —the more irresponsible the power, the more dangerous to liberty.

I conclusion, Col. Johnson made some remarks against re-chartering the Bank of the United States—they were few, but very impressive and conclusive. The effect seemed to be very powerful upon the audience; his principal objection rested upon the political influence of the Bank and its evident and active interference in elections and in politics of the country.

From the Age.

Mississippi. The Democracy of this State is awake. The fiat of the people has gone forth. The fate of renegade politician, and the faithless Senator, *George Poindexter*, is sealed. He occupies for the last time the seat which he has rendered familiar with treachery and disgrace. Though he sold his vote successively to the Nullifiers and the Bank, he could not thus sell his constituents. The time of their power is at hand, and the titled turn-coat must look to his masters for reward, and bear, as best he can, the withering indignation of those whom he has insulted and betrayed. The other Senator from Mississippi, *John Black*, has also proved recreant to his trust. Elected as a friend of the Administration, he has shown himself its enemy and the friend and advocate of the corrupt Bank. His day of reckoning will also come; and he can but see in the fate of the miserable Poindexter, a picture of his own. Wise will he be, if his prudence prompts him to retire from the approaching storm, or his reviving sense of honor, to yield up without further injury, the trust he has already violated. Every thing we see from the State of Poindexter and Black betokens the strength and continued triumph of the Democratic party. The majority of its citizens are warmly attached to our venerable Chief Magistrate and the policy of his administration, and opposed to Nullifying heresies, and to Bank corruption—the two great principles of the new made "*whigs.*" The Democratic State Convention holden at Jackson, on the 23d ult. nominated ROBERT J. WALKER, for the Senate, in place of Poindexter. Mr. W. was one of the early friends of Gen. Jackson—active in the convention of Pennsylvania Democrats that first after Tennessee nominated Gen. Jackson for the Presidency, and author of the first Democratic address recommending him to that office.—The convention also adopted a protest against the course of their recreant Senators and one of their Representatives in Congress, of which the "*Mississipian*" speaks as follows:

The protest of the Democratic Convention against the course pursued by the Senators of Mississippi, George Poindexter and John Black, and one of their Representatives, Harry Cage, in the United States Congress, will appear in our next. Owing to the length of the proceedings of the convention, and other circumstances, it could not appear in our paper of to-day. The proceedings will be published entire in pamphlet form, as soon as practicable and distributed throughout the State. This is a *Solemn protest by the Democracy of Mississippi*, against those who *claim* to be our representatives in the national councils. It will be sent to the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and to the President, with the request that it be spread upon the journals of those bodies, & recorded among the executive archives, in order that the world may know that Mississippi has been *misrepresented, betrayed and insulted* by her public servants;—and that had her wishes been represented in Congress, she would never have voted the President guilty of a violation of the constitution and laws—would not have condemned him unheard—would not have rejected his protest—would not have sustained the U. S. Bank—would not have abused Andrew Jackson as a tyrant and usurper. It will be sent also to the Governors and Legislatures of the different States and Territories of this Union, with the request to have it recorded among their archives as a warning to all disobedient public functionaries.

WIGS AND TWADDLERS.

Our opposers have assumed various shapes, sizes and colors; all sorts of names, and disguises to hide their political deformity. The United States Senate, last winter, instead of attending to the great interests of the country, resolved themselves into a great *whig* manufactory—where the article was made to any pattern, after the most approved method of the great father of the American System, for piebald politicians to cover the nakedness of their infamy. And have they succeeded? Do you remember the daw in the peacock's feathers? Or the fable of the Ass in the Lion's skin?—He was nothing but a Jackass after all—the stupid brute had not sense enough to hide his ears; nor are modern wigs large enough.

As our dictionaries are rather silent on this subject, I propose to remedy the difficulty by giving you the definition of the modern Whigs. They are a combination of poor, distressed politicians, who have been 'ruined' more than forty times since my recollection. They are always upon the brink of destruction—on the verge of a crisis—upon the very edge of a most frightful precipice. They have seen the Constitution destroyed, the laws of the land trampled upon, the faith of the nation violated, our free institutions up-turned, I know not how many times. Says a writer, 'In 1801 when Mr. Jefferson was elected, there was a crisis—great distress and pressure in all directions—our religion was lost—we were becoming a nation of infidels—our Bibles were to be burnt—our churches destroyed—and the panic became universal.—We lived through that crisis.

Mr. Jefferson purchased Louisiana—then came another period of distress and ruin—the country was lost, we were to be sold to France. We survived that also.

The British and the French under the Berlin and Milan Decrees, undertook to play the pirate upon our commerce—then came old ruin sure enough in the shape of an Embargo—Democratic Working men were hooted at, scraped down—the President was denounced in the language his successor is, by the same party.—But we lived through that pressure.

Mr. Madison took the Presidential chair, and declared war against Great Britian—then was the cup of distress filled to overflowing—pressure meetings were held and panic speeches made, to enlist troops to march to Washington to depose the President, and turn Congress out of doors—But panic was defeated by the unbought spirit of Democracy, and we now live to see this wicked and ruinous war, worth untold gold to our land.

The Missouri question again waked up the slumbering energies of the wig panic makers—the Constitution was lost—this distress also passed away and the Constitution was unharmed. Since then we have had panics, pressures and distress—but it has been a distress of the federal tory whigs to get into office, and enjoy the loaves and fishes of power and place.

It has been recommended to the political Jeremiah's who are weeping over the 'awful and undone situation' of the country, that their tears should be carefully preserved in a junk bottle, to be used as smelling drops by the weak members of the Wig family, in case of fainting fits after election. * * * * *

There is another class of politicians in this country, who live, breathe, and walk-about; but no mortal can tell how they came into the world, what they have done in it, or how long they are to remain as cumberers of the ground. They go by the significant cognomen of Twad-

tllers—which signifies, that put your finger upon them, and they are not there. They sit on the fence, (or under it) like Crows; and if you shoot at them, they are off without a wound. They belong to every body, and nobody—are every thing and nothing. Let no such men be trusted. Rather than see power in the hands of those who would barter *principle* for office, let this land become an unpeopled wilderness.—[Fish's Address.

From the Newark Eagle.

Mr. Frelinghuysen's Pledge to obey Instructions or Resign.

In an address to the Senate, on presenting a memorial from the citizens of Newark, on the 24th of January last, speaking of the instructions of the Legislature, Mr. Frelinghuysen said—

"He felt he trod on delicate ground, but he was not afraid of it. *Where the Legislature pronounced the full expression of public sentiment, he would feel bound to give that expression his support, or to afford them an opportunity of choosing some one who would comply with their wishes.* But while he held in one hand the instructions of the State representatives, he held in the other a much deeper and louder voice, that of the people. They were perfect antipodes to each other. Where, then, shall we go? And he would say *he would go for the people, when their will could be ascertained.* By this he was willing to rise or fall, and he felt he should be sustained in it by his constituents."

What language can be plainer than this?

GEORGIA.

The Augusta Transcript furnishes the resolutions which have been adopted by the Legislature of that State in relation to the citation of the Supreme Court of the United States, lately served upon it. They are as follows:—

[Age.

Resolved, That they view with feelings of deep regret, another attempt to interfere with the administration of the criminal laws of this State by the process of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Resolved, That the right to punish the perpetrators of crimes committed within the jurisdiction and chartered limits of the State, is one of those residuary rights, the exercise of which is of vital importance to the domestic peace and internal economy of such State, and the practical operation of which can in no wise conflict with the essential rights or interests of her co-states.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor be, and he is hereby requested to communicate by express to the Sheriff of Murray county, the determination of this State to enforce her criminal laws; and that such orders be issued by him to that officer, as will insure the execution of the laws in the case of James Graves, convicted of murder.

That the Sheriff of that county be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to employ a guard of armed men, if he shall deem the same necessary, to carry into execution the said sentence.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor, and all other officers of this State, be, and they are hereby required, to avoid any step by which the State of Georgia may be made a party to the case sought to be made before the Supreme Court of the United States by the said process of citation.

The resolutions were adopted in the House of Representatives, yeas 116, nays 58. In the Senate the same were adopted, yeas 75, nays 2.

A TURN OUT.

During the last week there was some excitement in this village, occasioned by a TURN OUT in the Factory. It is understood that the great cause of complaint with the operative was the obstinate tardiness of the old Factory Clock, which would not point to half after seven in the evening, until nearly half an hour after the appetites of those who watched its motions, had convinced them it was supper time. Remonstrances were unavailing; for the clock had friends who preferred it to any of those accommodating chronometers which would allow it to be any time that inquirers might choose to have it. On Wednesday evening, the fair operatives manifested their contempt of the clock, by giving the preference to a tin whistle, which they considered a better time keeper, and when that instrument was shrilly blown, for half after seven, they put on their bonnets, blew out their lights, and politely bade their overseers "good night," just as the minute hand of the contemned Timepiece pointed at XII, and the hour hand at VII—a good half hour before the usual time of finishing their daily labors. The next morning a test was proposed for readmission; and those who would not profess their faith in the factory clock were allowed a holiday for consideration.—Most of the operatives were faithless and unbelieving; and turning their backs upon the house of shuttles and spindles, they assembled themselves together at the Hall of the stage tavern, and fell to choosing officers, appointing committees, making speeches and passing resolutions. On that day and the next, matters of high moment were agitated, and important negociations carried on, in a style of the most approved diplomacy. The Protocols, Alternatives, and Ultima-*tums* have not come to hand. They will probably be transmitted to Mr. Sparks, or Matthew St. Clair Clark, and be embodied in the huge volumes of Documentary History, about to be published by Uncle Sam, that distinguished patron of Documents and book-makig. There were many anxious faces in our streets upon those memorable days—a great deal of walking and talking and shaking of heads. They were, in truth, times that tried girl's *soles*. But the girls were up to the work. They were the daughters, sisters, and sweethearts of freemen, and manifested a spirit worthy of ladies who would not shrink or surrender, or give up the last word. They were firmly resolved that 8 o'clock should be 8 o'clock and that half after seven should be supper time. It was suggested that if they were bent on cutting off half an hour from one end of the day, a compromise might be effected by putting it on to the other. But it did not take. They were satisfied enough with the day as it was; but would not consent that the odious Factory clock should lengthen it out so unreasonably. They would be regulated by the town bell or the Academy bell, or any well behaved time piece in the village, but would never submit again to the languid movements of the clock of the factory. The bustle was not without its effect upon the clock itself. Its motions were sensibly quickened, and it soon overtook the sexton's watch, which had been the standard of true time, particularly of meals and bed time, for a good part of a century.—Still the girls were dissatisfied—being apprehensive that after the excitement subsided the clock would grow lazy again and forget to bring along half after seven in its season. All difficulties however, were finally adjusted—(the Pendulum and weights probably becoming sureties for the clock of its good behavior)—and on Saturday morning every thing, excepting the time was placed *in statu quo ante bellum*, and the girls and shuttles and the water wheels are as busy as ever in manufacturing cloth a hair finer and better than any other Factory in the country.—[Exeter News Letter.

MURDERS. The Baltimore Amirican of Friday, gives some particulars of an outrage which has this week been committed on the Washington rail-road, eighteen miles from that city, involving the murders of three of the Deputy Superintendents of that construction. It appears that on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Gorman one of the enstructors, was assailed in his own shanty by eight or ten men supposed to be some of those at work on the road. Mr. John Watson, a superintendent, was in the shanty at the moment on a visit. Both gentlemen were forcibly dragged out beaten and left in a state of insensibility. They however, so far recovered as to be able to give an account of the affair,—but Gorman lies in a very critical situation, and great doubts are entertained of his recovery. Mrs. Watson appeared to have been less dangerously wounded, and there was every prospect that he would survive the injuries inflicted on him. Mr. Gorman was also assailed, and treated in the most brutal manner.

At midnight on Wednesday, the same ruffians surrounded the office where Mr. Watson was lying wounded, and after breaking open the door, they deliberately murdered him, the back part of his head being cut open, and his brains scattered about! William Messer, one of Mr. W's assistants, and who was present in the office when the attack on it was made, was dragged out—shot dead!—Another of the superintendents, Mr. Callon, was also shot dead, his corpse having been found at a short distance from the office!—Several other persons were injured. The miscreants, after the murders, proceeded to rob the premises, but were defeated in their purpose by the presence of mind of Mr. Smith, the clerk, who secured all the money except a small sum in specie, and effected his escape. The circumstances attending these murders are not yet fully developed, neither are the ruffians apprehended.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—Cleaveland, (Ohio) Nov. 18 The stage which left this place for Columbus on Monday evening last, in decending a hill in Brooklyn, about five miles south of this village, the night being very dark, ran off the road, and rolled down a steep bank, probably fifty or sixty feet, making several somersets and dragging horses, driver and all, along with it; and finally lodged in one promiscuous heap at the bottom. There was six passengers among whom was a lady and child, all of whom, with the driver and horses escaped without the slightest injury. Very trifling damage was done to the coach. This is one of the most extraordinary escapes ever heard of.

THE BANK.

By the statement of the Bank of the United States for the month of October, it appears, that the loans on *personal security* in N. York, were curtailed *three hundred thousand dollars!* This curtailment was effected during the progress of a warmly contested election, on the issue of which the very existence of the institution was said to depend. Put *that* and *that* together and the mystery of this movement is solved!—[Argus.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION OF SENATOR.

It gives us a great pleasure to announce the re-election of the Hon. *Bedford Brown*, by a majority of 32 votes.

The votes stood for Brown,	113
Settle,	60
Scattering,	21

We understand that Governor Swain was nominated in opposition to Mr. Brown, and withdrawn—that Mr. Branch was also nominated and withdrawn—and finally that Mr. Settle (once friend, but now an opponent of the Administration) was settled upon. Mr. Branch made, we learn, a most imploring speech—and deprecated the haste with which the Assembly advanced to immolate the liberties of the country.

A gentleman who was a spectator, says in a letter:—

"It would have done you good to see how the opposition squatted and writhed—and how handsomely, kindly, and yet firmly, our friends stood to their posts. Our majority in the House is decided, and they are true as steel. Nothing more to do now but to *keep cool*, like your friend and obedient servant."—

Washington Globe.

DISTURBANCES IN MONTREAL.

Montreal has been the scene of riot and contempt of all civil authority for several successive nights preceding the latest dates. They originated, as appears from the accounts in the Montreal Daily Adv. of the 17th inst. (the organ of the 'liberals' or 'reformers') with certain members of the 'conservative' or loyal and church and State party, and were confined entirely to them; and it is to the forbearance of the liberals, under circumstances of the greatest excitement and provocation, that the consequences were not more serious.

On Saturday week, the mob had complete control of the city. A body of about a thousand men paraded the streets, with clubs and fire arms, drums and banners, yelling, groaning, and shaking their clubs before the houses of prominent individuals of the liberal party. At night it was deemed unsafe to send out the watch, and the rioters proceeded undisturbed attacking dwelling houses, breaking windows, &c. One of the papers says, such a scene of disorder and desolation was never before known "The most sacred laws contemned, properties violated and destroyed, citizens basely attacted and massacred in the middle of the streets; the city resounding night and day with cries of hatred and fury; the fathers and mothers of families trembling for their children, and wives for their husbands; many flying from their own dwellings to seek repose afar off."

MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. James Swan to Miss Betsey Washburn, both of this town.

In Norway, Mr. James Buck to Miss Irene Crocker, of Norway.

In Woodstock, Mr. Aaron Allen to Miss Almyra Young, of Woodstock.

In Hallowell, Mr. Paul J. Rollins to Miss Eliza Winter.

In Eastport, Mr. Robert Bates to Miss Martha Morrell.

In Ellsworth, Mr. Miles H. Tinker to Miss Hannah Card.

In China, George Parcher, M. D., of Ellsworth, to Miss Caroline Hatch.

In Thomaston, Mr. John Porter of Belfast, to Miss Almira Barnard.

In Islesboro' Capt. Ambrose Farrow to Miss Dorothy W. Pendleton.

DIED.

In this village on the 2d inst. Mrs. Susan Jackson, aged about 73 years.

In Boston, on the 30th ult, Miss Elmira T. daughter of Mr. George Ryerson, of this town, aged 20 years.

In Jackson, Mr. Allen C. Rich, aged about 21.

In Northport, Capt. Jonathan Elwell, 65.

In Belfast, Mrs. Houston, wife of Mr. Joseph Houston, about 60.

In Brooksville, widow Sarah Lunt, 93.

In Brunswick, Mr. Jeremiah Hacker, of China, a member of the Senior Class of Bowden College, 25.

In Portland, Mrs. Sarah Webb, aged 56.

In Minot, Nov. 20th, Mrs. Nancy W., wife of Deacon Josiah Little.

Thomaston, Mrs. Sarah Stackpole, aged 80.

In Chesterville, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Maddocks

Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery, Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of HEZEKIAH PIKE, late of Paris in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that, six months from the date hereof are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that they shall attend that service at the Office of T. J. CARTER in Paris aforesaid on the third Saturday in January and the second Saturday in May next, at ten o'clock A. M.

T. J. CARTER,
THOMAS CROCKER.

Paris, November 25, 1834. 3w19

STRAY COLTS.

STRAYED from the enclosure of the subscriber in Sumner, about the 1st inst 2 COLTS,—one of a dark iron gray color with a star in his forehead and some white hairs on each hind foot, one year old last spring—the other a bright bay with black mane and tail and two years old last spring. Whoever will take up and secure the above colts and give notice thereof to the subscriber, or to SAM'L F. BROWN of Buckfield, shall be amply rewarded.

WILLARD DOBLE.

Sumner, Nov. 25, 1834. 3w p

J. H. WARDWELL

HAS just received

DUFFILS & THIBET SKIN for mens over coats

ALSO—An additional supply of *BROADCLOTHS*, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, Paddings, Canvass, Linings, and real French *Sewing Silk & Twist*

A few BUFFALO SKINS, FUR CAPS & GLOVES

Also—Sheet Iron, and a quantity of Wilson & Hawkesworth's CAST STEEL.

Rumford, November 3, 1834. 6 w 12

JOB WORK,

Executed with neatness and despatch at this *OFFICE*

At Rumford Corner.

JUST rec'd—
CIRCASSIANS, MERINOS,
PLAIDS, RATTINETS,
HDKFS. TIBET SHAWLS &

DARK PRINTS entire new patterns, Black, Brown, Red & Purple *Glazed Cambrics, Fine Linens, Cambrics, Muslins, Laces, Edgings, Footings, Wadding, Batting,* and *SILK GOODS.*

Together with a variety of other New Goods suitable for the Season.

Also—Fine ground Redwood, Logwood & Cam wood, Madder, Otter, Indigo, Blue Vitriol, &c.

WANTED—500 PAIRS Men's short Stockings, by J. H. WARDWELL.

Oct. 30, 1834. 6 w 12

Broadcloths.

To wit: *Blue, Black, Brown, Green, Cloth, and Mixed Kerseys, Kerseymeres, Satinets, and Vestings;* also an elegant assortment of *French and English* 3 & 6-4 *Merino, Circassians, Doubanets and Bombazines;* together with a large assortment of *English, French and Amerit can CALICOES.* Also a very rich assortment of *Straw, Syracuse, Gro de naop, Patent, & India SILKS. Silk & Cotton SHAWLS and HDKFS.* Also Valencia and Thibet *SHAWLS and HDKFS.* Tickings, Sheetings and Shirtings, brown and bleached.

Also—A handsome assortment of *Crockery and Glass Ware, Metal pails, Looking Glasses, &c.*

Together with a prime assortment of **W. I. GOODS,** *Literatia*—A select assortment of HARD WARE—Such as Guadaloup Molasses (prime for retailing) Jamanah. White, and Brown Sugar—*Also*—Young Hyson & Souchong TEAS.

☞ Produce of all descriptions taken in exchange for goods.

Purchasers are requested to call and examine for themselves.

GOODS.

ENGLISH, INDIA, & AMERICAN

HAS taken the Store lately occupied by E. Livermore in Norway-Village, where he keeps constantly on hand and for sale a large assortment of

ASA THAYER, Jr.

New Store.

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford on the fourth Tuesday of Sept. A. D. 1834.

THE Petition of TIMOTHY WALKER Jun'n. of Rumford, in said county, yeoman, humbly shews, That he is interested and holds in common and undivided with persons to your Petitioner unknown one undivided two fifth parts of the following parcels or lots of land and estate situated in said Rumford described as follows, to wit: One hundred acre lots numbered thirty-three, fifty-four, sixty-three, eighty, eighty-seven on the north side of the Androscoggin River, in the second Division of lots in said Rumford; and one hundred acre lots numbered nine, seventeen, twenty-four, on the south side of said river in the same Division, and Intervale lots numbered twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty acres—and eighty acre lot numbered thirteen on the south side of the same river in the first division of lots in said town; Intervale lot numbered twenty-one, and eighty acre lot numbered sixteen on the west side of Ellis river in the first division of lots in said town; and third division lots numbered one, two, three, six, nineteen, twenty, twenty-six, forty-nine, fifty-nine, sixty-two, sixty-nine, seventy-four, seventy six, eighty, ninety, ninety-two, one hundred and two, one hundred and four, one hundred and five, and one acre and half of land taken from intervale lot numbered five on the south side of Androscoggin river in the first division of lots in said Rumford with House and Barn on the same. And that he is desirous of holding his proportion of and interest in said estate in severalty. Wherefore he prays your Honors to order & cause partition to be made of the said estate, and that his proportion thereof may be by him held in severalty, according to the law in such case made and provided. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

TIMOTHY WALKER Jr.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:

Court of Common Pleas, September Term, A. D 1834

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the Petitioner give notice thereof by publishing said Petition and this Order of Notice thereon three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county of Oxford, and in the Eastern Argus, printed at Portland, in the county of Cumberland, the last publication in each of said newspapers to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court, which is to be held at Paris in and for said county of Oxford on the fourth Tuesday of January next, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why partition should not be made agreeably to the prayer of said petitioner.

Attest—R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order of Court thereon.
Attest—R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk

Administrator's Sale.

PURSUANT to license from the Hon. Stephen Emery, Judge of Probate, &c. for the County of Oxford, will sold at Public Auction, on *Thursday the 11th inst.* at nine of the clock in the forenoon, at the late dwelling house of HEZEKIAH PIKE, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, 4 *OXEN*, 2 three year old *STEERS*, 3 *COWS*, 1 *yearling*, 4 *CALVES*, 2 *HORSES*, 1 three year old and 1 last spring *COLT*, 100 *SHEEP*, 2 old *HOGS*, 4 *SHOATS*, 1 single horse-*wagon*, 1 single *sleigh*, 1 *CART*, 1 *SCRAPER*, 4 *CHAINS*, 1 *PLOUGH*, a lot of lumber, 3000 *pine* and 3000 *hemlock Boards*, 1 *GRIND-STONE*, 1 *WINNOWING MACHINE*, 1 *SADDLE and BRIDLE*, 1 *CLOCK and CASE*, 1 *WATCH*, 1-3 of a *THRESHING MACHINE* and *right* for the town of Paris, 1-3 of 2 *HORSES* owned with the Machine, and a large quantity of *POTATOES*, and various other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. JOSIAH DUDLEY, Admr.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1834.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four

CHARLES NORTON named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of RANSOM NORTON late of Livermore, in said county, Clerk, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED,

That the said Charles Norton give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the first Tuesday of January next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, & shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty four.

ON the petition of ANDREW McMILLAN Administrator of the estate of JOHN COLBY late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of two hundred and seventy-seven dollars, and thirty cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED,

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg in said county, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy, Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty four.

WILLIAM NOYES, Administrator of the estate of ISAAC HOW late of Greenwood, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

ORDERED,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the first Tuesday of March next at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed—

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*
Copy Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

ALBION PAGE one of the persons named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of ROBERT PAGE, late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate;

ORDERED,

That the said Albion Page give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said county, on the third Tuesday of January next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.
Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

PRIZE TALE.

THE time limited for the receipt of Articles for the Premiums last offered having expired, and the awards having been made, the publication of the several manuscripts has been commenced, and will be continued, till the budget of original matter received, is exhausted. As the publishers of the *Galaxy* mean to relax none of their efforts to make that paper one well worth the patronage of the reading public, they have decided to repeat the offer of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in the sums as before, viz: *Fifty Dollars* for the best *Original Tale; Twenty-Five* for the best *Original Poem;* and *Twenty-Five* for the best *Article upon a Humorous subject.* The writers are at liberty to select their own scenes and characters; the publishers having decided not to confine them to any particular age or country. The manuscripts may be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name;' and the directions of the successful writers *only* will be opened.

In addition to the matter contributed for the prizes which will continue to be offered, the publishers, determined to spare no pains to make the Galaxy a useful, readable, and interesting paper, have engaged contributions from the pens of practised writers. To say they have done all they can do, would be a contradiction to the present expression of their intention to increase their efforts to merit patronage as that patronage increases.

Although our list of country exchanges is already sufficiently large, and we have felt obliged to decline new exchanges, we now offer an exchange to any country editor who will give this notice a few insertions.

Terms of the Galaxy. Three dollars per annum.—Persons at a distance who order the paper, are expected to make payment in advance, or give satisfactory reference in the city. Persons obtaining subscribers, and remitting fifteen dollars, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Boston, Sept. 13, 1834 10

DUMFRIES'

Itch Ointment!

THE extensive sale and established reputation of Dumfries' Itch Ointment, encourages the proprietor to recommend it with renewed confidence to the public as a most innocent as well as powerful application for this annoying disease. The most inveterate cases have been cured in one hour by this esteemed Ointment. It contains no Mercury, or other noxious ingredient, and may be confidently applied even to the youngest children, or pregnant females.

Price, 37 1-2 cents.

DR. RELFE'S

ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Headache, Costiveness, Flatulence, Cholic, Bilious Affections, &c.

TO comment on the efficacy of these Pills, after a successful experience of many years in England and America has established their reputation is needless. Suffice it to observe, that for redundancy of Bile, Flatulence, Costiveness, Headache, &c. &c. they will undoubtedly prove far more serviceable than those drastic purges too frequently employed, and will not only at the same time tend to remove the offending cause by gentle motions, and stregthen the digestive organs, but improve the appetite and renovate the system. Price 50 cents.

DR. RELFE'S

VEGETABLE SPECIFIC.

For Sick Headach, &c. Price 50 cents.

*** None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 90 next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall Boston—and also, by his special appointment by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again.

[No. 6.] 1

A STORY OF THE FORTY SIX.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

One day in July, 1746, a raw boned Highlander came into the house of Inch-Croy, the property of Stewart Shaw Esq. in which there was apparently no person at the time but Mrs. Shaw and her three daughters, for the laird was in hiding, having joined the Mackintoshes, and lost two sons at Culloden. This Highlander told the lady of the house that his name was Serjeant Campbell, and that he had been commissioned to search the house for her husband. as well as for Cluny, Loch-Garry, and other proscribed rebels. Mrs. Shaw said that she would rather the rudest of Cumberland's English officers had entered her house to search for the prince's friends, than one of the Argyle Campbells—those unnatural ruffians who had risen against their lawful prince, to cut their brother's throats.

The Highlander, without being the least ruffled requested her to be patient, and added, that at all events the ladies were safer from insult in a countryman's hands than in the hands of an English soldier. The lady denied it and in the haughtiest manner flung him the keys, saying that she hoped some of hers would yet see the day when the rest of the clans would get their feet on the necks of the campbells.—He lifted the keys, and instantly commenced a regular and strict scrutiny: and just as he was in the act of turning out the whole contents of a wardrobe, the lady in the mean time saying the most cutting things to him that she could invent he stood straight up, looked her steadily in the face, and pointing to a bed, shaking his hand at the same time. Simple, as that motion was it struck the lady dumb. She grew as pale as death in a moment. At that moment an English officer and five dragoons entered the house.

'O, sir,' said Mrs. Shaw, 'here is a ruffian of a serjeant, who has been sent to search the house, and who, out of mere wantonness and despite, is breaking every thing, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy.'

'Desist, you vagabond,' said the cornet, 'and go about your business. If any of the proscribed rebels are in the house, I'll be accountable for them.'

'Nay, nay,' said the Highlander, 'I am first in commission, and I'll hold my privilege.—The right of search is mine, and whoever is found in the house, I claim the reward. And moreover, in accordance with the orders issued at head-quarters, I order you hence.'

'Show me your commission, then, you Scotch dog; your search-warrant, if you please.'

'Show me your authority for demanding it first.'

'My designation is Cornet Letham of Cobham's dragoons, who is ready to answer to answer every charge against him. Now, pray, tell me, sir, under whom you hold your commission?'

'Under a better gentleman than you, or any one who ever commanded you.'

'A better gentleman than me, or any who ever commanded! The first expression is an insult not to be borne. The other is high treason; and on this spot I seize you for a scotch rebel, and a traitor knave.'

With that he seized the tall red haired loon by the throat, who, grinning, heaved his long arm at him as threatening a blow; but the English officer only smiled contemptuously, knowing that no single man of that humiliated country durst let his hand against him, especially backed as he was by five sturdy dragoons. He was mistaken in this instance, for the Highlander dealt him such a blow as felled him in a moment, so that, with a heavy groan, he fell dead on the floor. Five horse pistols were instantly pointed at the Highlander by the dragoons, but he took shelter behind the press or wardrobe, and with his cocked pistol in one hand, and drawn broadsword, kept them at bay, for the entrance ben the house was so narrow, that two could not enter at a time, and certain death awated the first to enter. At length two of them went out to shoot him in at a small window behind, which hampered him terribly, as he could not get far enough forward to guard his entry, without exposing himself to the fire of the two at the window. An expedient of the moment struck him; he held his bonnet by the corner of the wardrobe, as if peeping to take aim, when crack went two of the pistols his antagonists making sure of shooting him through the head. Without waiting further, either to fire or receive theirs, he broke at them with his drawn sword; and the fury with which he came smashing and swearing up the house on them appalled them so horribly, that they all three took to their heels, intending probably to fight him in the open fields. But a heavy dragoon of Cobham's was no match for a kitted clansman six feet high; before they reached the third, after a run of about thirty or forty yards. By this time, the two at the west window had betaken themselves to their horses and were galloping off. The Highlander, springing on the officer's horse, galloped after them, determined that they should not escape still waving his bloody sword, and calling on them to stop. But stop they would not; and a better chase never was seen Peter Grant and Alexander M. Eachen, both in biding at the time, saw it from Graig-Neart, at a short distance, and described it as unequalled. There went the two dragoons spurring on for bare life, the one always considerably before the other, and behind all, came the tall Highlander, riding very awkwardly as might be supposed, and thrashing the hind quarters of his horse with his bloody sword, for lack of spurs and whip. He did not appear to be coming up with them, but nevertheless cherishing hopes that he would till his horse floundered with him in a bog, and threw him; he then reluctantly gave up the chase, and returned leading his horse by the bridle, having got enough of riding for that day.

The two Highlanders, M'Eachen and Grant then ran out from the rock and saluted him, for this inveterate Highlander was no other than their own brave and admired colonel, John Roy Stewart. They accompanied him back to Inch-Croy, where they found the ladies in the greatest dismay, and the poor dragoons all dead. Mrs. Sewart Shaw and her daughters had taken shelter in an out house on the breaking out of the quarrel; and that which distressed her most of all was the signal which the tremendous Highlander made to her; for beyond that bed, there was a concealed door to a small apartment, in which her husband, and Captain Finlayson, and Loch Garry, were all concealed at the time, and she perceived that that door was no secret to sergeant Campbell, as he called himself. When the pursuit commenced the ladies hastened to apprise the inmates of their little prison of the peril that awaited them, but they refused to fly till matters were cleared up, for they said, that one who was cutting down the red coats at such a rate, would scarcely be an enemy to them.—We may conceive how delighted they were on finding that this hero was their brave and beloved Colonel Stewart. He knew that they were concealed in that house, and in that apartment; and preceiving from the height where he kept watch, the party of dragoons came in at the strait of Corry-Bealach, he knew to what place they were bound, and hastened before them, either to divert the search, or assist his friends in repelling the aggressors.

A porter of the name of Saunders complained to the Lord Mayor of London of being mistaken for another man of the same name who had been killed. His acquaintances insisted he was dead, and when they met him they started, and threw up their hands, and cried, "Lord bless us! here's Tom Saunders' ghost!" Some swore he was a "wampyre," others called to know when the funeral would take place.

PERILS OF THE SEA.—I saw a boy climb to the main-top-mast, he had been ordered there to secure a loose tackling—he would not have gone could he have helped it; the night was dark to pichtness, but, by the light of the binnacle, I was enabled to defect a large tear that was rolling down his cheek. There was no moment for delay, the order given must be executed, so away went the boy. It was a boy that had entertained me with everlasting stories of his mother and his home, and who told me of the dread that he had that he should never return to them. The boy went up—I watched him; he had gained the first steeple, now flew on to the second, had put his foot upon the yard, and grasped the tackling, when—when—but my brain reels, for what I heard was a sudden lall, and then a gurgling in the waves.

[E. I. Magazine.

"What is the reason,' asked a friend, "that you are so very punctual in keeping your dinner engagement?"

"I am so," said Boileau, "by way of prevention. The time persons wait for you at dinner is generally employed either in enlarging upon the faults you have, or imputing to you those you have not."

State of Maine.

SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE,
Augusta, Nov. 12th, 1834.

FOR the purpose of organization, and transacting of such other business as may be deemed expedient, a meeting of the members of the "BOARD OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS, FOR THE STATE OF MAINE," will be held at the *Senate Chamber*, in Augusta, on Wednesday, the 10th day of december next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

By order of the Governor.
ROSCOE G. GREENE,
Secretary of State.

Extract from the "Resolve establishing a Board of Internal Improvements."

It shall be the duty of said Commissioners, or such of them as by a vote of the Board shall be authorized to explore and examine the great water courses of the State, and also different parts of the State, where it may be supposed that Canals, Roads, Rail-Roads, or other important Internal Improvements, may be made for the benefit of the State. And for this purpose the Board shall be authorized to employ a Civil Engineer and necessary assistants. And it shall be the duty of the Commissioners to make report of their doings, with plans of the surveys they have made, together with estimates of the costs of the improvements they recommend, at the commencement of of each session of the Legislature. *Provided, however*, That the Governor and Land Agent shall not be required to act on any exploring committee, nor receive any compensation for their services. The Governor shall be President of the Board. No application to the State for pecuniary aid, shall hereafter be sustained by the Legislature, for a Canal, Road, Rail-Road, or other Internal Improvements, until the subject have been examined by the Board of Internal Improvements, and that Board has reported to the Legislature thereon, stating the advantage or necessity of such work, and the probable amount it will cost to execute it. The Board shall have power to employ a Secretary and adopt such rules and regulations, not repugnant to the laws of this State, as are necessary and convenient for conducting the affairs of the Board.

State of Maine.

SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE,
Augusta, Nov. 18th, 1834.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY a Resolve of the Legislature of this State, passed March, 12th, 1834, entitled "Resolve for ascertaining the number, and the expense of supporting the Poor throughout the State," the Selectmen of the several towns, and the Assessors of the several plantations, and the Mayors of the cities of Portland and Bangor, were required to transmit to this office, *on or before the 1st day of October* [then next —now past the number of the Poor within the limits of their respective towns, plantations, and cities, supported in whole or in part, at public expense, specifying the number and expense of the Poor thus supported, their age, whether under or over twenty, and their sex.

☞From the following towns, plantations, and city, no such Returns have yet been received, viz:

COUNTY OF YORK.

Berwick, Biddeford, Buxton, Eliot, Hollis, Kennebunk Port, Kittery, Lebanon, North Berwick, Saco, Sanford, York.

COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

Bridgton, Brunswick, Cumberland, Durham Freeport, Gorham, Harpswell, Minot, Naples, New Gloucester, North Yarmouth, Portland, Standish, Westbrook, Windham.

COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

Alna, Bath, Boothbay, Bowdoinham, Bremen, Cushing, Georgetown, Lewiston, Lisbon, Union, Warren, Whitefield, Wiscasset, Woolwich.

COUNTY OF HANCOCK.

Amherst, Aurora, Bluehill, Bucksport, Deer Isle, Eden, Ellsworth, Franklin, Orland, Penobscot, Trenton, Mariaville, Plantation No. 1.

COUNTY OF WASHINGTON.

Addison, Baileyville, Barring, Beddington, Calais, Cherryfield, Charlotte, Columbia, Cooper, Crawford, Cutler, Dennysville, Edmunds, Harrington, Hodgdon, Houlton, Jonesborough, Jones Port, Lubec, Machias, Machias Port, Marion, Pembroke, Steuben, Prescot, Wesley, Whiting, Greenfield, William's College Grant.

COUNTY OF KENNEBEC.

Albion, Belgrade, China, Chesterville, Dearborn, Fayette, Gardiner, Hallowell, Leeds, Rome, Temple, Vassalborough, Waterville, Windsor, Winslow.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.

Albany, Bethel, Canton, Denmark, Fryeburg, Greenwood, Hiram, Newry, Porter, Rumford, Stoneham, Sweden, Turner, Waterford, Woodstock, Howard's Gore, Hamlin's Grant, Homes and Andover West Surplus.

COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

Abbot, Anson, Bingham, Bloomfield, Blanchard, Canaan, Concord, Cornville, Fairfield, Harmony, Hartland, Industry, Kingfield, Lexington, Madison, Mercer, Milburn, New Portland, Norridgewock, Salem, Palmyra, Ripley, Solon, Wellington, East Pond Plantation, No. 9, 9th Range, No. 2 and 3, 2d Range East Penobscot River.

COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT.

Atkinson, Barnard, Brewer, Brownville, Chester, Corinth, Eddington, Etna, Exeter, Foxcroft, Garland, Hampden, Hermon, Kilmarnock, Kirkland, Lagrange, Lee, Levant, Maxfield, Milford, Milton, Newburgh, Orono, Orrington, Plymouth, Sangerville, Williamsburg, Argyle, No. 4, East Penobscot River, Burlington, Greenbush, Springfield, Bowerbank, Unorganized Plantations classed with the town of Lincoln.

COUNTY OF WALDO.

Belfast, Belmont, Brooks, Camden, Freedom, Islesborough, Lincolnville, Palermo, Searsmont, Swanville, Waldo Plantation.

The Resolve before mentioned also makes it the duty of the *Secretary of State*, "after said Returns shall have been received, *to make a list thereof by Counties*, specifying in separate columns, against the respective names of said towns, plantations and cities, the number, age and sex of the paupers, and cost of supporting them in whole or in part, and *cause three hundred copies thereof to bo printed, and laid before the next Legislature at the commencement thereof, for the use of the members.*"

To enable me therefore, to comply with the requirements of this Resolve, it is necessary that the officers of the preceeding towns, plantations and city, should forward their Returns to this office without delay.

ROSCOE G. GREENE,
Secretary of State.

***Conductors of Newspapers in which the Laws of this State, for the current year, have been published, are requested to give the preceeding one insertion.

LAND FOR SALE
At Auction.

THE Assignees of WILLIAM HYDE will sell at Public Auction, without reserve, unless previously sold at private sale, at Francis Bemis Store in Paris, on Saturday the 27th day of December instant at one of the clock in the afternoon, the Southerly part of lots No's. 25 & 26, in the 5th Range of lots in said Paris, commonly known as the "Chandler lot." A plan of the whole lot may be seen and any information had on application to THOMAS CLARK.

Terms made known at the sale.
Paris, Dec. 1, 1834. 3w16

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, LOVESTA, my wife has left my bed and board and refuses to live with me,—I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

his
HIRAM ⋈ YOUNG.
mark

Peru, Nov. 10, 1834. 16

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GLOBE.

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.

THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, which we commenced publishing at the last Session of Congress, will be continued through the approaching one. It will be published in the same form, and at the same price; that is, once a week, on a *double royal* sheet, made up in quarto form, at ONE DOLLAR per copy during the session. When any important subject it discussed, we propose to print an Extra sheet. Subscribers may calculate on at least three or four extra sheets. At the close of the session, an Index will be made for the 1st and 2d sessions, and sent to all subscribers.

We shall pay to the reporters *alone*, for preparing the reports that will be published in this paper, more than one hundred dollars a week, during the session. In publishing it, therefore at ONE DOLLAR for all the numbers printed during the session, we may boast of affording the most important information at the cheapest price.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please give this Prospectus a gratuitous insertion; and those friends to whom we may send it, will please procure subscribers.

TERMS.

1 copy during the session, - - $1 00
11 copies during the session, - - $10 00

Payment may be made by mail, *postage paid*, at our risk. The notes of any specie-paying Bank will be received.

☞*No attention will be paid to any order, unless the money accompany it.*

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS,

IS the title of a new weekly Paper, devoted to the republication of standard works of the best writers.

It is well printed on paper of the finest quality made entirely of linen; each number contains sixteen 4to. pages, making one volume of 832 pages per anum.

It will be sent by the mail to any part of the U. States or Canada, upon the proprietor receiving three dollars per annum, post paid.

Nos. 1 and 2 contain The Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie, and The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith; Nos. 3 and 4, Tales of the Hall, by the Rev. George Crabbe; No. 5 commences the letters of Lady Mary Wortly Montagu. There will be no abridgement of the work of any author.

WM. PEARSON,
115 Fulton st. Proprietor.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

"REPUBLIC OF LETTERS." Under this title, Mr. WM. PEARSON, of this city, has commenced an enterprise which we really think deserving of very great success. It is a publication which, in the shape of a quarto newspaper or Magazine, is intended to furnish the public with a copy of a great number of the most approved and elegant works of English Literature. The publication contains sixteen pages quarto, and is somewhat larger than the London Magazine. The paper on which it is printed is not merely beautiful to the eye, but of the best quality, and sized so that one may write on it without its blotting. The Typography is at once neat and legible; and the whole style of the execution has far more the appearance of London than New York. To show the reader at what a cheap rate a library may be procured through the means of this publication, we may mention that the first number contains the whole of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," and a fourth part of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield,"—for all which the price is only six cents. When enough numbers are printed to make a volume, the subscriber will have, in the compass of one neat quarto work, what in any shape was never published without extending through many volumes. From what we know respecting this novel and laudable enterprise, we have the greatest confidence that the selection of works for the *Republic of Letters*, will always be submitted to the decision of gentlemen of such standing in Liteature, as to insure that only the worthiest productions will find a place in it.—[N. York Evening Post.

"We have before us the 3 first numbers of the Republic of Letters, a publication the design and scope of which the reader may remember we took some notice several weeks ago. In these three numbers, each of 16 small quarto pages, are contained the whole of Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, the whole of the Vicar of Wakefield, and more than half of Crabbe's best work, the Tales of the Hall. These works, in the ordinary shape, occupy four or five duodecimo volumes, and could not be procured at from less than from three to five dollars In the Republic of Letters they occupy three numbers of a paper the size of this journal, as folded for delivery, and are sold at the prodigious low price of eighteen cents. This is making literature cheap indeed, and depriving poverty of all excuse for ignorance. And let it not be supposed that this extraordinary cheapness is attained by printing the works on poor materials. On the contrary, the typography is uncommonly beautiful, and the paper is of a quality much superior to what is commonly used in book printing, even the best Boston editions. It is as white as snow, is composed either wholly, or in great part, of linen, and may be written upon as smoothly and fluently as the sheet on which we are inditing this article, which is on Gilpin's best."—[Evening Post.

"A weekly publication bearing the above title, has been undertaken by Mr. Pearson. The design of the work is to place in the hands of all, the old standard works, which are now generally referred to as the acme of polite literature; a course of reading, particularly followed by those desirous of inculcating a correct taste. The undertaking is deserving, and should meet with a liberal patronage. Each number contains 16 pages of closely printed matter; the typographical execution of which is unsurpassed; the price is only six cents—being by far the cheapest, as well as the most useful publication that has yet appeared. The present number contains Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and part of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield."—[Evening Star.

"Under this title, Mr. William Pearson has commenced a weekly Periodical, which is certainly the cheapest that ever came to our notice. It is calculated to embrace only standard works. The first number contains Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and one fourth of the Vicar of Wakefield, the price of which is but six cents. The fifty two numbers, or the year's publication, will, at this rate, contain some fifty or sixty of the best works in the English language, and cost but three dollars The paper and typography are besides elegant.—[Courier & Enquirer.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Saturdny the twentieth day of December next at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the premises, all the right in equity of redemption which William Pratt has in, and to redeem a certain Farm or parcel of land on which he now lives, with the buildings thereon, in Hebron in said County, be the same more or less, which he had on the 17th day of September last, when the same was attached on the original writ; the same being mortgaged to the Trustees of Hebron Academy, February 3, 1834, to secure the payment of one hundred and eighty dollars payable in one year from the sale thereof, and interest. For a more particular description, reference is had to the Registry of Deeds, Book 40—Page 526. ASA THAYER, Jr. Deputy Sh'ff.

November 3, 1834. 4 w 14

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twenty-seventh day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Store of Elisha Pettingill, in Livermore, all the right in equity of redemption which *Owen Adkins* has to the farm on which he now lives in Livermore, and which he had on the 27th day of June last when the same was attached upon the original writ.—Said farm consists of about one hundred acres, and is situated on the east side of the river near Moose-hill, and mortgaged to Elisha Pettingill, for about two hundred dollars.

LEE STRICKLAND, Dept. Shff.
Livermore, Oct. 27, 1834. 4w13*

MAINE TRI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

LUTHER SEVERANCE will publish the ensuing session of the Legislature, a paper three times a week, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings. It will be printed on new type and fine paper and each number contain about twice as much matter as each number of the Daily of last and preceding winters. One reason for substituting a tri-weekly for a daily is that the great daily mail running eastward has been stopped, and only goes on the mornings we have selected for our tri-weekly publication. To eastern subscribers, therefore, a daily paper only subjects then to double postage, without enabling them to obtain any earlier intelligence, and the same remark applies to nine tenths of the post offices in the State. The number which have a mail is small; but the number which have a mail two or three times a week is very considerable. A tri-weekly is therefore better adapted to the existing condition of the mails.

The proceedings of both houses of the Legislature will be faithfully reported; the tri-weekly will contain a list of the members of both houses of Congress, and of both houses of the Maine Legislature, the committees of both, the official return of votes for Governor, and divers other political statistics. We have engaged the assistance of a correspondent at Washington, whose literary reputation stands high, not merely in Maine, but throughout the Union, whose letters we trust will be read with much interest. The session of Congress will close before that of the Legislature, so that our tri-weekly will contain a running account of nearly all the proceedings of the ensuing session of Congress.

The price of the tri-weekly will be ONE DOLLAR the sessios. Any gentleman transmitting $5 by mail may have six copies sent to his order. To save trouble in collecting we expect all subscribers at a distance to pay in advance. This will save trouble to us and be just as well for them.

☞Printers with whom we exchange are requested to copy or notice the forgoing, and we will reciprocate the favor.

November 19.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE,::::::Porter.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and tracts of land in the town of Porter, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lands are taxed in bills committed to me to collect, for the year 1833, as follows:—

Owners Names Unknown.	Range,	No. Lots,	No. Acres,	Value,	Tax,	Deficient Highway 1834.	Total,
					$ c.		
	A	16	100	150	3 06	$ c.	3 06
	"	17	100	125	2 54		2 54
	"	18	100	75	1 86		1 86
	"	20	25	31	64		64
	B	19	40	40	81		81
	C	18	100	100	2 04	5 46	7 50
	"	19	100	150	3 06		3 06
	A	19	100	100	2 04		2 04
	D	18	135	150	3 06		3 06
	"	19	135	150	3 06		3 06
	E	16	100	150	3 06		3 06
	"	17	60	60	1 22		1 22
	G	5	95	95	1 93		1 93
	"	3	100	150	3 06		3 06
	"	2	50	50	1 02	2 76	3 78
	"	7	70	50	1 02		1 02
	"	4	50	50		2 76	2 76
	"	3	50	100		5 47	5 47
	"	7	70	55		3 00	3 00

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to the subscriber, on or before *THURSDAY the 26th day of March next*, so much of said land as will discharge the same, will be sold at Public Vendue on said day, at one o'clock P. M., at the store of Ebenezer Blazo, Jr. in said Porter

EZRA GIBBS, Jr. Collector.
Porter, October 27, 1834. 4w15

GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

American Magazine,

OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

To be illustrated by numerous Engravings.

By the Boston Bewick Company.

THE success which has attended the publication of the best Magazine from the English Press, has led to preparations for issuing a periodical more particularly adapted to the wants and taste of the American Public. While it will be the object of the proprietors to make the work what its title indicates, it will nevertheless contain all articles of interest to its patrons which appear in foreign Magazines.

Extensive preparations have been entered into, both with artists and authors, to furnish from all parts of the Union, drawings and illustrations of every subject of interest, which the publishers confidently believe will enable them to issue a work honorable to its title, and acceptable to the American Public.

The first number of the American Magazine, illustrated with upwards of Twenty Splendid Engravings, will appear on or before the first of September, and be continued monthly, containing between forty and fifty imperial octavo pages, and be furnished at the low price of two dollars per annum. It will comprise—

Portraits and Biographical Sketches of distinguished Americans; Views of Public Buildings, Monuments and Improvements; Landscape Scenery; the boundless variety and beauty of which, in this country, will form an unceasing source of instruction and gratification; Engravings and descriptions of the character, habits, &c. of Birds, Fishes, Insects, together with every subject connected with the Geography, History, Natural and Artificial resources of the country, illustrated in a familiar and popular manner.

FREEMAN HUNT,
Agent for the Boston Bewick Company,
47, Court Street, Boston.
Boston, July 19, 1834. 10

STRAY COLTS.

STRAYED from the enclosure of the subscriber in Sumner, about the 1st inst. 2 COLTS,—one of a dark iron gray color one year old last spring—the other a light gray with black mane and tail and two years old last spring. Whoever will take up and secure the above colts and give notice thereof to the subscriber, or to SAM'L F. BROWN of Buckfield, shall be amply rewarded. WILLARD DOBLE.

Sumner, Nov. 25, 1834. 3w16